

TEMPE

Frank W. Griffin, Mgr.

Mrs. Harry Walker drove to Phoenix yesterday.

The city gets water tomorrow at 2 a. m. A fifteen-hour run.

Union services tonight at the M. E. church. Sermon by Rev. Farr.

Walter Wilbur and Sam Miller were Phoenix visitors yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Thomas Douglas will return to Iron Springs tonight.

Charles Teeter of Arlington came up from there last evening and is visiting his brothers at this place.

Ed Goodwin defended a case in Mesa yesterday, and, as is usual, he won.

Annie and Hoyte Cartledge, formerly of this place, were visiting friends here yesterday.

Miss Mattie Garnett, who has been spending the past week here, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Stewart, will return to her home in Phoenix today.

Floyd Holsapple and family left yesterday morning for a trip to Agua Caliente. Mr. Holsapple is not in the best of health and thinks a month at the springs will be of benefit to him.

Ernest Corbell has discontinued his services on the ice wagon in order to rest up a little before school opens. His place will be filled by Witten Anderson.

Charles Alexander, a member of this year's class at the Normal, returned from Prescott Friday, where he has been spending the summer. He expects to attend either the university or Stanford this coming year.

C. A. Corbell went to Maricopa last evening expecting to meet his wife, who has been spending some time at the springs. She went there to obtain

relief from rheumatism and is much better now.

Major Andre returned from Tombstone yesterday morning. He has been sick there for some time, and now is obliged to use crutches, as a result of rheumatism.

TRANSCRIPT OF RECORDS.

The following transcripts of the records of the offices of the district clerk, the probate court and the county recorder is furnished by the Arizona Abstract and Title company.

The records for yesterday were:

PROBATE COURT.

John A. Reed estate: Inventory and appraisal filed.

Mary C. Culver estate: Petition for order of sale of real estate.

William Christy estate: Petition for order of sale of real estate.

James W. Harlow estate: Decree of settlement of account.

RECORDER'S OFFICE.

M. Wormser estate to Dwight R. Heard, deed to lots 5 and 7, block 18, Phoenix. \$1,750.

Harry and Rose C. Proops-Willis to Vernon L. Clark, deed to lots 8, 10 and 12, block 49, Phoenix. \$10.

PERSONAL.

E. J. Bennett will leave for Iron Springs this morning for a week's outing.

Leo Rosenberg left last night for a couple of weeks' stay at Coronado beach.

Miss Jessie R. Sibley of the office of the territorial auditor left last night for the coast, where she will remain during the rest of the summer.

George Hochstetler and C. S. Telfrey left for Flagstaff, F. L. Moser for San Francisco and N. Benson for Los Angeles on this morning's S. P. & P. train.

Those registering at the Commercial hotel yesterday were: Ernest Karnes and Frank Hill of Kentucky, Ed. Mass of Savannah, Ga.; A. B. Brookfield of New York, J. C. Ray of Morenci, Tom F. Gardner of the P. & E. survey.

Those registering at the Hotel Adams yesterday were: T. J. Carrigan of Congress, James McKee of Adrian, Mich.; Charles J. Lex of St. Louis, Ned L. Abraham of Elsbree, W. L. Burton of St. Louis, Anson E. Cohoon of Washington, D. C.

Wife—I'm tired to death—been having the baby's photograph taken by the instantaneous process.

Husband—How long did it take?

Wife—About four hours—Exchanging.

Admiring Citizen—Colonel Offutt, how can you afford to give the electricity for the illumination of the city on so many public occasions?

Colonel Offutt—Oh, that's easy. I just charge it to current expenses.—Baltimore American.

The railroad car will carry as much as twenty teams of horses could haul, and the great ocean steamers will transport as much as 400 railway cars can carry.

THURSDAY'S SHOOTING

Second Day of the Competitive Work at Whipple's Targets.

Thursday's shooting at the target grounds changed the position of the competitors considerably.

The Journal-Miner, Captain Howard advanced six points. Corporal Houser advanced from fourth to first place.

Lieut. Cole dropped from first to second and Private Carlson dropped from second to sixth place.

Instead of daily scores being reported, the score of each man is added to his previous score, as rapidly as made, and at the close of Thursday's firing out of a possible score of 500 for the two days' shooting the scores were as follows:

Corp. Henry Henser, distinguished marksman of troop G, 14th cavalry, 547.

Lieut. Casper W. Cole, troop G, 9th cavalry, 546.

Lieut. Aubrey Lippincott, adjutant second squadron, 14th, 528.

Capt. Harold T. Howard, troop K, 14th, 523.

Corp. Geo. F. Watson, troop G, 14th, 523.

Private John Carlson, troop L, 5th, 513.

Corp. Paul Busukowski, band, 14th, 490.

Quartermaster Sergeant Geo. Warren, troop E, 9th, 486.

Corp. Jessie Baker, troop H, 10th, 473.

Sergeant Charles J. Downey, troop E, 14th, 472.

Sergeant Fred Jahnie, troop L, 14th, 508.

Quartermaster Sergeant Spencer H. Thomas, troop H, 9th, distinguished marksman, 465.

Quartermaster Sergeant Wm. Aberdroth, troop K, 14th, 463.

Private Nathan Jones, troop L, 9th, 462.

THE SHORTER COURSE.

Hurry the baby as fast as you can.

Hurry him, hurry him, make him a man.

Off with his baby clothes, get him in pants.

Feed him on brain foods and make him advance.

Hustle him, soon as he's able to walk, into a grammar school, cram him with talk.

Fill his poor head full of figures and facts.

Keep on at jamming them in till it cracks.

Once boys grew up at a rational rate; now we develop a man while you wait.

Rush him through college, compel him to grab.

Get him in business and after the cash.

All by the time he can grow a mustache.

Let him forget he was ever a boy.

Make gold his god and its jingle his joy.

Keep him hustling and clear out of breath.

Until he wins—nervous prostration and death.

—Boston Transcript.

The forests of Australia generally have a monotonous appearance. This is caused by the presence everywhere of the eucalyptus tree.

MY ENEMY.

I lift my hat to my Enemy. The frank, outspoken foe. Who surely is against me.

And heartily wishes my woe. I salute him with profound respect. And honor his disdain.

For he fights in the Open. And makes his position plain. He has his grievances against me. And from his point of view.

I am all that is detestable. Unworthy and untrue. And when we meet in conflict. And fight our battle out.

Well do his best to put me utterly to rout.

In dealing with my Enemy I know just where I stand.

I know how well he hates me. He candidly shows his hand.

If he can, he will outwit me. And never miss the chance.

To haul me rolling down the hill. While he's on the advance.

I know that he will never show. In any little way.

Considerate of me, he never is. He's in the fight to stay.

And yet, I salute my Enemy. To him I lift my hat.

For he fights in the Open. And valiantly at that.

My Enemy, I almost wish. Had been, instead, my friend.

For friendship real and friendship true. Is glorious to the end.

But sycophants and flatterers. And hypocrites galore.

Have made friendship a rarity. Have eaten to the core.

My Enemy, I can respect. For he is straight and white.

He hates me sincerely and with truth. With spirit and with might.

And so I salute my Enemy. And doff my hat to him.

Who nobly fights in the Open. And does it with a vim.

—New York Sun.

LAURANA'S SONG.

Who'll have the crumpled pieces of a heart?

Let him take mine! Who'll give his whole of passion for a part?

And call it divine? Who'll have the soiled remainder of desire?

Who'll warm his fingers at a burnt-out fire?

Who'll drink the lees of love and cast it to the mire?

The noble wine? Let him come here, and kiss me on the mouth.

And have his will! Love dead and dry as summer in the South.

When winds are still. And all the leafage shrivels in the heat!

Let him come here and linger at my feet.

Till he grow weary with the over-sweet.

And die or kill. —Richard Harvey.

London has an "American invasion" of mosquitoes.

THE CRY OF THE AGE

When has there been an Age like this? When has there been an Age thus called.

So loudly and baselessly. For noble men and noble deeds?

For mighty brains to take and solve. For perplexing problems: mighty hearts.

To dare and do; and mighty souls—Broad, generous, forceful—to instruct.

And lift and lead! From every path. That man has blazed into the wild;

From every highway where the feet. Of thousands press; from every mart.

The cry goes up—an earnest call. For earnest men! The world today.

Has needs it never knew before. For it has passed the shadow; passed. The travail of the ancient void;

Passed from the grip of primal things; Passed into light! and taken there. Its first full goblet from the sun!

That draft has stirred the very rocks. Upon the hills; has turned to power. The wasteful waters; has instilled. A purpose in the truant winds.

The air is pregnant with great news: Great news of glories yet to be. When we have answered to the Age. When we have awakened to the light!

Strong men and true, great men and good; Brave men, and wise in simple faith; Men warm with love, and rich with hope.

Men with high aims and lofty hearts. The Age is calling out for these—Crying along the crowded streets, Crying along the quiet lanes.

Its voice is booming from the towers. And whispering from the furrowed fields.

"Give me thy strong and earnest men! Give me thy Davids and St. Johns!" —Elwyn Hoffman in Youth's Companion.

"THE FOOL AND THE MAN."

A fool and a man of wealth, they say. Once met in a garden fair.

And the fool he laughed in his foolish way.

But the man looked down with care. Quoth the man, "Oh, fool, why laughest thou so?"

This world to me is dead. You have found a purse or drunk, I trow.

"Till the wine affects the head." "Oh, no," the fool then made reply.

"No, purse I've found today. Nor crunk of cheering wine have I. The reason I am gay.

Is this: I've earned my keep—no more—Since yester's sun declined.

And, I've besides no wealth in store. But I have peace of mind."

Then the fool passed on with smile and nod. Through the garden fair and cool.

Quoth the weary man of wealth, "Oh, God—Would I were but a fool."

—Bile Dudley.

Lard is the most economical animal fat.

A harness-broken zebra is worth \$10,000.

WHY WOMEN OFFICIALS "SCRAP"

An Explanation as to Obvious Frenzies of the Dear Things for Bickering.

When Colorado's woman officials meet, temper and battle may always be expected. Some persons wonder.

thereat. But there is really nothing wonderful about it. It is not because women are more quarrelsome than men.

The perpetual bubbles of everlasting controversy among the Colorado male officials; and politicians are pretty good evidence that men are just as quarrelsome and bickering as women.

And yet the percentage of rows in Colorado feminine officialdom is somewhere among the blood heat degrees, whereas the proportion of made rackets is nearer the zero mark, comparatively speaking.

Strange that women officials are always quarreling if they are not more quick to anger and sudden in retort than men.

Here's the little secret: Men's bickering is held in wholesome check by the simple fact that the male person who yields to the temptation to call another man a liar, or otherwise express candid opinions about his conduct and ability is liable to get a fist on his nose.

Quarrels between men can easily become so serious that fists and uppercuts are inevitable and, possibly, the flesh and, perhaps, the bite of deadly weapons.

It is, of course, unalloyed and unwomanly for women to actually fight. Therefore their quarrels are harmless.

Therefore there is no curb on them. Therefore they spit fire at the time.

Make it as improper and impossible for men to let fly the fist as it is that Christian women can pull hair, under any circumstances, and what then, O my countrymen?

Why, were men's uarrels bounded by expletives, the turmoil and noise would rise to heaven. The ordinary run of rows among men would suddenly leap into one long drawn howl and Denver and the Beautiful would think she were the Tower of Babel, just after the confusion of tongues.—Denver Times.

SELF-DEPRECIATION.

"What I like," said Willie Wishington, "is a good, sensible girl!"

"Why don't you propose to one?"

"What is the use? If she were sensible she would say no!"—Washington Star.

HIS REASON.

He—Soaker goes in bathing five or six times a day.

She—Is he crazy.

He—No; I guess he's thirsty. His doctor ordered him to take a drink of whisky every time he came out of the surf.

UNANIMOUS.

Mr. Ad Myers—Miss Pechis is a very pretty girl, is she not?

Miss Chellis—Yes; she is not.—Philadelphia Press.

"I wonder why bees make honey?" queried the inquisitive boarder. "I surmise," replied the cheerful idiot, "they make it to sell."—Chicago News.

Arizona for Arizonians

BARIZONA

CREAM

Baking Powder

THE BEST THAT CAN BE MADE

STRICTLY PURE
—AND—
HIGH-GRADE

A PURE FOOD ARTICLE
Honest Goods—Honest Price

Home Industry Mfg. Co.
Tempe, Arizona

IT MAY JAR HIM.

Although to win the precious cup Sir Thomas fourty-two far.

We greatly fear his quest is vain—He'll only get a jar.

—New York Sun.

WOULD NEED A STOREHOUSE.

Mrs. Upperten—I had all the conceit taken out of me yesterday.

Mrs. Nextdoor—Indeed? And where did they find room to put all of it?—Chicago News.

Mrs. Strongmind—"Our society has appointed me chairman of a committee whose object is to try to bring about a reduction in rents."

Strongmind—"I'm glad to hear it, my dear. You can begin at once on my trousers."—Chicago Daily News.

BETTER PART OF VALOR.

"Aren't you going to fight him?" (Gnashing his teeth) "No! That's what he wants me to do. Think I'm going to do anything to oblige a scoundrel like him?"—Chicago Tribune.

A.B.C.

BEERS

Guaranteed Pure.
None So Good.

Order from
Meltzer Bros. Co., Wholesale Dealers.

MONDAY'S GREAT RECORD BREAKING BARGAINS

Japanese Silks.

26 inches wide, in a large variety of colors, beautifully soft finish; regular 50c value. Monday's price, per yard—

25c.

Ladies' Vests.

Sleeveless, entire yoke of lace, white only, all sizes; fully worth 30c. Monday's price, each—

12½c.

Men's Shirts.

120 dozen of Men's finest Percale and Madras Shirts, B. B. make, sizes 14 to 17, positively the best \$1.25 and \$1.50 fancy shirts you ever laid your eyes upon. Monday's price, each—

75c.

Pillow Cases.

Made of good quality muslin, size 42x38, worth 12½c. Monday's price, each—

8c.

New Idea Paper Patterns only 10c None Higher. None Better.

10c Dress Gingham at 5c per Yard.

5,000 yards of Blue Ribbon Dress Gingham, in a large variety of shades and colorings, every yard worth a dime. Monday's price, limit 10 yards to a customer..... 5c

50c President Suspenders at 35c.

You know, and everybody else knows, the value of this make of suspenders—every store in town sells them at 50c. Monday's price, here..... 35c

A GOOD STORY IS WORTH REPEATING.

No matter what price you may see advertised on any kind of Dry Goods or Clothing by any other store, if it's an article that the advertiser will actually furnish, you'll find it at the New York Store for less. Therefore the advertisement of any other store will serve you in trading here, if you deduct a fair percentage.

Always Better for the Same Money or the Same for Less.

12c English Long Cloth 7½c a Yard.

6,000 yards of English Long Cloth, pure white, 36 inches wide, regular 12c quality. Monday's price, yard..... 7½c

25c and 35c Silk Ribbon at 10c.

800 pieces of finest Nos. 40, 50, 60 Taffeta and Moire ribbons, also Fancies in a splendor variety of shades, white, cream, black, cardinal, pink, blue, etc. Mondays price..... 10c

Ladies' Handkerchiefs.

65 dozen of 'em, hemstitched, embroidered corners, a splendid 10c article. Monday's price—

6 for 25c.

Men's Underw'r

Finest balbriggan, the real stuff, shirts and drawers to match, all sizes, colors natural, pink and blue, actual 65c value. Monday's price, per garment—

33c.

Children's Hose

Fine ribbed, fast black, seamless, double heels and toes, sizes 6 to 9½, good value at 10c. Monday's price—

4 pair for 25c.

Val. Lace.

About 550 dozen of 'em, in widths ranging from ½ inch to 1 inch, laces worth up to 5c a yard. Monday's price, per dozen yards—

19c.

Sheets.

A carload of them, sizes 72x90, regular double bed size, nicely hemmed, made of good muslin, actual value 75c. Monday's price—

44c.

THE NEW YORK STORE.

Mail Orders Promptly Filled.